THE PASTIME.

No. 3.

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Original Papers.

For the PASTIME.

EASE.

NOTHING is more charming to human nature, than Ease and Indolence. The enchantress, Sloth, has more votaries in her temple, than either of the gods or godesses, who sate on Mount Olympus. She entices us from the fatigues of business, and with her sister, Luxury, seems to raise our enjoyments above this world of cares. The earth, and its inhabitants, occupy our thoughts only as objects of contempt.—"Vanity of vanities," we exclaim with the preacher, "all is vanity."

Seriously speaking, there are those who, if like Solomon they could have their prayer, would throw away wealth and wisdom, power and dominion, for Ease. I know of men, who would not dig six feet in the ground below them, if they knew that all the treasures of the east were there in store for them.

The student, becoming dispirited at the fatigues of study, shuts his book, tumbles on his bed, and swears that Folly itself could not be excused for inventing more languages than one!

Indeed, trouble seems to be so unnatural, that one would almost walk fifty miles to get out of its way. Nature shudders at the very idea of drudging, and people in general do more in killing time, than they would have done in employing it usefully.

A warm bed in the morning feels so *easy*, that few have self denial enough to resign it. I sometimes determine with myself to get up in five minutes, and when the time comes, the weight of worlds seem to press me down. Propriety and Ease will contend, whether the loss of an half hour ought to be considered, and while I am listening very calmly to the controversy, sleep catches me unawares, and the most delightful part of the day is spent, or rather *mis-spent*, in bed. So, when I see a multitude of letters

which must be answered, or of books which must be read, Ease whispers me that *to-morrow* I shall have more time to do it in, than to-day; and thus, from one day to another, they are neglected, until altogether forgotten.

An *easy* writer, and a lad of *easy* manners, are two of the most agreeable presents, which a book mope, and a lady, can receive. A man is never happy but when at his ease, and never better pleased, than when he sees others so. The most forcible argument in favor of a thing which we wish our friends to do for us, is contained in these few words—"There's no trouble about it, it is *easily* done!"

I heard a youth wish, a few days since, that fashion would allow him to go naked, so troublesome was it to undress: and that nature would permit him to live without exercise, it was so fatiguing to move about.

A person who is compelled to sit up straight, at a ceremonious party, to say pretty things, and to keep his head always in one place, and a simper always on his cheek, longs to regain his ease!

And I suppose by this time, my readers will yawn over my essay: "Curse the fellow," they exclaim, "why had he so little regard to *our ease*, as to give us such a rugged and *uneasy* essay!."

For the PASTIME.

MR. EDITOR—In this age of refinement, all barriers to sexual union seem to be removed. A glance at a woman, "the witchery of eyes" may effect what in ages of prudery and coyness, the tedious ordeal of a six months courtship, could not always bring about. Scarcely has a young man arrived at a marriageable age, when public report hurries him into some connection which he never thought of; and before he knows that there is such an arch fellow as Cupid to inflict a wound, or a surgeon so benevolent as Hymæneus to bind it up, he sometimes finds that he has passed through the "*soft pangs*," and on the high way to recovery.

But the public, with an excess of care, not content with settling a man *once*, must vary his Dulcinea, or his help mate, with every change of weather. My friend Meddlesome came to me the other day—"I wish you joy, my dear fellow, I wish you joy."—"Thank you, thank you," replied I, carelessly, "nothing is more welcome than such a wish." He took it for granted that the report was true, and I was unintentionally the means of having the rumor blown in every direction, till in time, the blast died away.

I was not, however, left long in a state of tranquility. A day or two ago, handing Miss Brighteyes across a mud puddle, a few curious bystanders construed it into an intention of giving my hand in good earnest, and of assisting her to cross the gutters of life.

By this singular association, Mr. Editor, I find myself again married, without knowing that I had been a lover. It is an old saying, "vox populi, vox Dei." Pray, Mr. Editor, tell me if you can, am I married, or am I single? R.

Biography.

LIFE OF DERMODY.

[Continued from our last.]

In the morning, by the kindness of a traveller, with whom he was acquainted, Dermody was enabled to accomplish his journey to Dublin. On his arrival, he separated from his friendly companion, and for two or three days roamed about the town, subsisting himself by the sale of his spare shirt. He had, with more foresight than usually marked his conduct, before leaving home, procured a letter of recommendation from one of his country acquaintance, to an eminent apothecary in Dublin. When the produce of his shirt was expended, and being urged by necessity, he sought out the gentleman, and presented the letter; but his shabby appearance not being very prepossessing, or from some other cause, the apothecary did not give him a pleasing reception. Instead, therefore, of calling on him again, he amused himself with strolling about the street. In this situation he was noticed by a second-hand bookseller, who observing him to take down a Greek author, and perceiving that he understood it, employed him to instruct his son in latin; but some difficulty arising between himself and his pupil, he quitted this appointment, and was recommended by the bookseller to a brother dealer in the same line, who was in want of a shop boy. Here he soon attracted the attention of some of the students belonging to the Dublin University, who were much pleased with the exhibition of his attainments. But he remained not long in this situation. His restlessness of disposition, it should seem, prompted him to quit the second bookseller, as he had done the first. Good fortune directed his steps to a third, where he happened to meet with Dr. Houlton, who, at that time, had a medical appointment

under the Irish government, and was the first person who possessed both the means and inclination to patronise him. Mr. Raymond has published a long letter from Dr. Houlton, detailing the particulars of his first meeting with Dermody, and the circumstances which occurred during a residence of ten weeks at his house. The most interesting passages of this letter we shall extract.

(To be continued.)

Epistolary.

BURKE'S FIRST VIEW OF LONDON.

CONCLUDED.

Soon after my arrival in town, I visited Westminster Abbey; the moment I entered, I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind, which I cannot describe; the very silence seemed sacred. Henry the seventh's chapel is a very fine piece of gothic architecture, particularly the roof; but I am told that it is exceeded by a chapel in the University of Cambridge. Mrs. Nightingale's monument has not been praised beyond its merit. The attitude and expression of the husband, in endeavoring to shield his wife from the dart of death, is natural and affecting: but I always thought that the image of death would be much better represented with an extinguished torch, inverted, than with a dart. Some would imagine that all these monuments were so many monuments of folly.—I don't think so; what useful lessons of morality and sound philosophy do they not exhibit? When the high-born beauty surveys her face in the polished Parian, though dumb the marble, yet it tells her that it was placed to guard the remains of as fine a form, and as fair a face as her own. They shew, besides, how anxious we are to extend our love and friendship beyond the grave, and to snatch as much as we can from oblivion—Such is our natural love of immortality; but it is here that letters obtain the noblest triumph; it is here that the swarthy daughters of Cadmus may hang their trophies on high, for when all the pride of the chissel, and the pomp of heraldry, yield to the silent touches of time, a single line, a half worn out inscription, remain faithful to their trust. Blest be the man that first introduced these strangers into our islands, and may they never want protection or

merit! I have not the least doubt that the finest poem in the English language, I mean Milton's Il Penseroso, was composed in the long resounding isle of a mouldering cloister, or ivyed abbey. Yet after all, do you know that I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country church yard, than in the tomb of the Capulets! I should like, however, that my dust should mix with kindred dust. The good old expression, "family burying ground," has something pleasing in it, at least to me. I am glad that Dr. Sheridan is returned, and determined to spend the rest of his days in your quarter. I should send him some botanic writings which I have in view, if I were not certain that the Irish Hippocrates would rather read nature in her own works. With what pleasure I have seen him trace the delicate texture of a lily, and exclaim, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of those;" and you know that our lilies are fairer than the new fallen snow.*** You are quite mistaken when you think I don't admire Plutarch: I prefer his writings to those of any other. *Sacra semper excipio; quo in summa arce locare fas est & aquum nun quam non in manibus habenda.* ***

I expect, in a day or two, to be introduced to Miss Woffington, our country woman. She is rapidly rising into theatric fame; I could wish to publish a few anecdotes of her. She is of low origin it is true, but talents and nature often avenge themselves on fortune in this respect. The roses of Florida spring out of the finest soil; they are the fairest in the universe, but they emit no fragrance. I recollect that she read her recantation in a little country church, somewhere in the county of Cavan. Mr. Fleming, of Stahalmuck, wrote some verses on the occasion. I also wish that you could procure some anecdotes of Mr. Brooke, author of the justly celebrated tragedy of Gustavus Vasa.

Yours, &c.

EDM. BURKE.

Variety.

..... "STEALING, and GIVING SWEETS."

Women may be compared to fruit: those that fall to the ground, of their own accord, are generally tainted, and good for nothing; but those that will not fall without a good deal of shaking, are sound, and worth having.

Let the contemner of American genius, let the man who asks, Where are our poets? read the following extract from the works of the late JOHN BLAIR LINN.

By Adam's disobedience earth was curs'd.
In Nature's garden thorns and thistles grew:
Chill o'er the vallies swept the howling blast,
The thunders roar'd—the earthquake shook the globe;
The mountains pour'd their streams of liquid fire,
And, like a Giant, fell Disease arose
And blew o'er earth his pestilential breath.
A train of evils followed on his steps;
There came Misfortune with his iron scythe
Dropping with human blood; there Envy stalk'd
And fan'd the flames of hell—fell Fury there
Yell'd to the winds and stamp'd the hollow ground;
Telling her sorrows to the listening Night,
There came wan Melancholy slowly on;
Folded her arms upon her heaving bosom,
Her face directed to the dewy moon.
There came Remorse absorb'd in gloomy thought:
There rush'd Despair—his dark eye roll'd in blood;
He tore the mantle from his raging breast,
And plung'd his dagger in his heart—There came
Poor Lunacy in tatter'd robes, and wav'd
A straw, and told the kingdoms which he rul'd.
Lastly came Death cloth'd in his night of terrors,
And clasp'd his victims in his shivering arms.

The following has all the wildness of poetry, for which Southey is remarkable:

How beautiful is Night!
A dewy freshness fills the air—
No mist obscures, no little cloud,
Breaks the serene of Heaven.
In full orb'd glory, the majestic moon,
Rolls thro' the dark blue depths—
Beneath her steady ray,
The desert circle spreads
Like the round ocean, guided with the sky.
How beautiful is Night!

A Boston critic, makes the following remarks upon the acting of Mr. Fennel, who is now on that stage:

The talent of this gentleman is of that sterling quality, which needs not the spoils of incidious comparison, to decorate its fame. Some of his read-

ings added to the grace of novelty, that peculiar and striking force, with which a new and luminous propriety of thought, never fails to arrest the mind, at the moment of its articulation. He is sufficiently animated for a due consideration of the character; and tho' studiously chaste, several passages struck fire from the house.

BARRY, the actor, who died in the beginning of 1779, and whose name well deserves to be preserved, was perhaps in no part so excellent as in that of *Romeo*; for which he was particularly fitted by superiority of demeanour, an uncommonly handsome and commanding person, and a silver-toned voice. At the time he attracted the town to Covent Garden by his excellent performance of this part, Garrick found it absolutely necessary to divide the attention of the public by performing it himself at Drury-Lane. He wanted the personal advantages of Barry; and, great as he was, would perhaps have willingly avoided such a contention. This, at least, seems to have been a prevailing opinion: for, in the garden scene, when *Juliet*, in soliloquy exclaims—

O Romeo, Romeo! *wherefore art thou* Romeo?"

one of the audience archly replied, aloud, "*Because* Barry *has gone to the other house.*"—*London paper.*

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Casualty.—A young gentleman having unluckily strayed to a fellow student's room, had occasion to get under a bed to elude the notice of a Professor, then on his walk. In his hurry unfortunately encountering an article of bed furniture, the luckless youth was with difficulty saved from drowning, by the process recommended by the Humane Society.

Execution.—*A. Beefbone,* that notorious offender, was executed in the College chapel a few days since, without benefit of clergy. The *hangmen* deserve special notice for their dexterity.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The *easy* writer who commences our present number, is welcome. We hope that his quill will not soon be worn to its stump.

R's letter is inserted with a wish that future draughts from the same fountain, may exhilerate our readers. R. composes with sprightliness. We invite his attention to essay writing: and recommend the easy elegance of GOLDSMITH, to his study, and imitation.

AURELIUS, is somewhat bombastic. He uses too many words without seeming to know their application. We refer him to the advice of the poet:

In all your words let energy be found,
And learn to rise in sense, and sink in sound;
Harsh words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear,
None please the fancy, which offend the ear.

FLYCATCHER's attempt to be witty, is like trying to shave with a dull razor. His satire may mangle, and tear, but it is not of that genuine kind thus elegantly described:

True wit, is like the brilliant stone
Dug from an Indian mine,
That boasts two various powers in one;
To cut, as well as shine.
Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds,
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles, while it wounds.

Our poetical friends shall be attended to. We request an interview with E.

We repeat to our correspondents, in the words of the sprightly and voluptuous poet of antiquity:

Sed pressum Calibus ducere Liberum
Si gestis, juvenum nobilium cliens,
Nardo vina merebere:
Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum,
Qui nunc Sulpicis accubat horreis,
Spes donare novas largus, amaraque
Curarum eluere efficax.
Ad quæ si properas guadia, cum tua
Velox merce veni: non ego te meis
Immunem meditor tingere poculis,
Pleua dives ut in domo.

We will thank any person who can direct us where to procure, or who will favor us with a copy, of the Greek Oration, and the comparison between the pleasures of the eye, the ear, and the taste, spoken at last commencement.

Terms, One Dollar for three months, payable in advance.

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